

Of Interest to Women.

The Leading Lady of the Empire Shown at Stages in Her Life—A Globe Encircling Woman—The Hand of Marion Harland.

RESTRAIN YOUR ARDOR.

Excess of enthusiasm is always unwise and sometimes expensive. After Jean de Reszke had finished singing "Salve Dinorah" the other evening a young woman discovered two round holes in the palms of a pair of new suede gloves. She had turned her rings around when putting on her gloves and she had applauded the settings through. This was chagrin enough. But when her gloves were removed what a sorry pair of rings! The diamonds of the turquoise ring on one hand had furrowed the opal on the other hand. The diamonds of the turquoise ring on the other hand had in turn disfigured the turquoise with scratches. Apparently both stones were ruined. They were, however, repolished by a jeweller, but at an expense of \$12.50.

MADAME HOMESPUN SAYS:

"I am mightily interested in Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's reminiscences," says Madame Homespun; "but I think she makes a mistake when she tells of her cloak dyed canary-yellow with white oak bark. White oak bark will dye, but it is a beautiful tan-yellow. What Mrs. Ward's mother used was doubtless hickory bark. I remember well how fine we children felt—back, say in the early forties—when we had linen frocks of this bright hickory yellow, with pantalettes of the same, gartered on above the knee and coming to our shoe tops. It was as much the style then for a small girl's pantalettes to match her frock, and as necessary that they should wholly conceal her legs, as it is nowadays regarding bicycle leggings."

NAUGHTY GIRLS GROW GOOD.

"Women will flirt with men and quarrel with each other," Superintendent Smiley, of the San Francisco Boys and Girls' Aid Society, corroborates the Frenchman. The little girls in his institution discover their amiable propensities to the boys and scratch another. He says he would rather have fifty boys than one girl in his institution. It has been, however, pointed out to him that he need not be wholly discouraged as to the results. When the books of the same society were examined to find out what became of the boys and girls sent out by it in open life, it was found that with but few exceptions the girls were doing well, but it was impossible to find out what had become of the boys. The inference was that they had gone wrong.

DOUGHT HE FORGIVE HER?

Miss Viola Allen discusses "A Woman's Reason." There has been a great deal of discussion among women concerning the man situation in "A Woman's Reason." This is Dr. Acosta's forgiveness of his wife, who had previously eloped with his friend. The critics have with one voice remarked that if Nina had loved the man she eloped with her conduct would have been more rational and her husband's forgiveness less lacking in character. Women, as it happens, take the opposite view. Miss Viola Allen, who plays the part of Nina, was asked her opinion. "Of course it is not the conventional conduct of the injured husband, but I cannot see that it showed weakness and lack of self-respect. Indeed, it seems to me a perfectly rational act for a man who loved a woman and was ready to make every excuse for her. "It has been said that she would have been more excusable had she really loved the man with whom she left her home. "I cannot see that," said Miss Allen. "I don't understand why a man would be more ready to forgive in that case. It seems to

THE FASHIONABLE DUSE EYELID DROOP.

It Has Been Adopted by the Fad Followers, Who Have Tired of Bernhardt Peculiarities.

The Duse eyelid is replacing the Ellen Terry skip and the Bernhardt mouth. The divine Sarah had not been two days in town before it was noticed that many women were beginning to rouge their mouths in a narrow, vivid line. To complete the Bernhardt effect, this at moments parted in a little rickish grin to show teeth like rows of corn and blood-red gums. Sarah, it is said, paints her gums for the stage and often for private life, but of this important detail few of her admirers were aware.

Painted mouths are still seen, but a heavy, melancholy droop of the eyelids is now the aim of up-to-date countenances. The Duse eyelid is like the Bernhardt mouth—not always born. It may be accomplished by any face not too full, but to moon-faced maids it will give the look of a cross cherub late from punishment.

There is in town a clever masseuse, employed by the smart set, who has taken up the business of forming them. In three lessons, and for a given sum, she guarantees a perfect article. The recipe is as follows:

First compose the countenance to a tranquil gravity. Next hold in the cheeks, thrust forward the chin and let the corners of the mouth droop sadly.

The background thus formed, half close the eyes and lift the inner corners of the brows as high as possible without wrinkling the forehead.

This will give a downward, mournful line to the tail of the eye. Last, a slight touch of brown cosmetic over the lids brings the Duse heaviness, and a little rouge just above increases their size and prominence. In such a casual way is a great beauty accomplished!

The Duse eyelid must express when complete a dreamy, intelligent sadness, and a depth of womanly sentiment. It will fit brunettes better than blondes, and to make the imitation perfect the face should be left as pale as possible and the hair parted simply and combed back without furbelows. This melancholy eye curtain, however, is not entirely a new fashion in New York.

For years Mr. C. D. Gibson has hung the same sort on his fair American women. The droop of the eye of the Empress Eugenie was one of the distinguishing features of this beautiful lady. Rejane and Ada Rehan have both falling lids. Indeed, an array of women of genius seems to indicate that the droop of the eyelid denotes temperament. Until the coming of the great Italian, however, it had made no impression on the feminine public. Now the drooping lids threaten to become more popular than the Della Fox curls. It is fortunate that it is the Duse eyelids that are in fashion. Fancy, it might have been the Gullbert nose.

One may for a moment imagine Duse's own sensations when she finds herself playing to a houseful of her own eyelids.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN as She Has Appeared at Interesting Periods in Her Life.



GROWN UP BABY TALK.

Some one suggests the invention of a language for lovers that shall supersede the present babble of baby talk. As a rule it is a travesty upon the conversation of any normal infant and belongs nowhere but among the silly utterances bubbling from an overflowing heart. Addressed by a lover to a lover it may answer its purpose, being interpreted by some subtle insight born of the condition, but when the same jargon is spoken to children's ears it seems little less than an insult. Children never use commonplace bad grammar. They are original at all costs. Why, then, when these grown-up children try to imitate them do they become silly and nothing more?

A newly-made husband overheard asking his bride "ooh lovey dovey is oo?" scarcely becomes an object of anything but ridicule. The philanthropic purpose now held in view is to supply some equivalent which shall satisfy the yearnings of the heart at the same time that it shall not degenerate into a subject of sacrilegious jest.

IS IT HABIT?

The question has been raised as to the cause of the smaller number of suicides among women than men. Some one kindly suggests, "because she has greater endurance under calamities," but the ubiquitous critic cries out that she falls to protest from habit, and habit alone.

VOUCHED FOR.

A southern epicure, dining recently at New York's most famous table d'hôte, pushed away the salad course with the remark, "I never eat lettuce unless I can dress it my way—which is to break, not cut, it in rather small bits, then cover it with a creamy paste made by rubbing the yolks of eggs boiled until they are nearly, with elder vinegar, and seasoned with salt, pepper and—if you like it—mustard. This must go all over the lettuce mound; then I put on in quantity the red gravy got by frying generous slices of real country ham. Do you say heartiness? Wait until you taste it. If you do not sigh for it ever after, then you write yourself down as lacking in palate."

Even sump may be made savory—if one knows how to go about it. The first thing is to boil it in quantity, cooking it for at least four hours in a very clean pot, and leaving it to get perfectly cold. Now put into a spider over the fire a big lump of sweet lard; let it get hissing hot; then put in the sump—enough, you understand, for a breakfast or lunch dish. Flatten it out to cover the spider and let it stand a minute or two; then, with a big spoon, begin to stir it up and down and back and forth, sprinkling in salt to taste. Fry until it forms a rich brown crust over the bottom of the spider; then take up and send to table piping hot.

When buying oranges toss one up in the hand. If it feels heavy for the size, you may know it is sound and full of juice. If it is light, pass it by, no matter how fair it may look, since a light orange is almost invariably over-ripe and chaffy. It may not be generally known that oranges, unlike apples, peaches or plums, will hang upon the tree for several seasons if they happen not to be picked. After they have passed the point of full ripeness, though they do not shrivel visibly, the pulp dries up till a new season. Then it is again full of juice, though never so sweet and flavorful as when it had just reached its prime.

You can make a more than fair imitation of brandied fruit by taking that which comes in glass cans—peaches, cherries or pears—draining away three parts of the syrup, then straining over the fruit, still in the jar, lump sugar, whole cloves, blades of mace, a suspicion of nutmeg, and covering the whole with good whiskey. The malt whiskey is best, but any reliable brand will do. Then put on the top of the jar and stand in a very cold place for at least twelve hours before using. The fruit will keep for some weeks—the more certainly if it is kept cool.

me that the wound to his self-esteem would be much less where the elopement was simply the result of a burst of temper on the part of a woman who was too overwrought to appreciate the enormity of what she was doing."

Miss Allen also had a little to say as to the seemingly inadequate provocation for the wife's behavior.

"It is true that it appears very slight cause for leaving husband and child," she said, "but it should be remembered that this daily friction had been endured for

seven years, and," laughingly, "I should think it might have been very trying. Although her husband loved her, his sister had far more authority than his wife, and on the whole, it seems to me that Nina was entitled to a little more sympathy from the audience than she received."

In speaking of those roles which the Empire audiences have found more suitable to their favorite, Miss Allen mentioned with affection Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind" and Mrs. Liden in "Michael and His Lost Angel."

"I always enjoyed playing Mrs. Liden," she said. "It was never anything but a pleasure, and I even enjoyed the Wednesday matinees."

RECEPTION TO QUEEN STELLA. Last Thursday afternoon the members of the Ladies' Club, in East Twenty-second street, gave a reception to Queen Stella, of the Gonzales, the Spanish gypsy, who has come to the "land of the free" to find a home for her people.

She is a small woman of pleasing personality. It is impossible to judge of her age by her happy, smiling face, in which one reads strong character, but on which care has left no mark. Her voice is soft and singularly pleasant to the ear and her easy, graceful manner charming in the extreme. She is a woman of intelligence and cultivation, and but for her attire, in which hands of scarlet silk and gilt ornaments play a prominent part, is as unlike one's preconceived idea of a gypsy as anything could well be.

She stood before her audience of fashionable women, and with a merry little laugh told them that they were slaves to conventionality, which form of servitude would be as abhorrent to her people as any other compulsory subjection. She said that the chief of her tribe is very old, and that when he dies she proposes to bring the whole people over to this country, where they will probably settle on the shores of the Hudson, within easy reach of this city. They are Christians and have a high moral standard, and Queen Stella begged that her hearers would not confound them with the wandering, piffling, good-for-nothings that masquerade under the name of gypsies, but have no right to the name. She smilingly admitted that her people love freedom and pleasure, and that they dislike labor. Music and palmistry are the means by which they gain a livelihood. Her remarks on palmistry were exceedingly interesting. Their music is the music of freedom. It is governed by no rules, but is the natural, spontaneous expression of what is in the heart.

She spoke of Shakespeare as having "dipped his pen in the ink of the emotions," and paid a tribute of praise to George Eliot, whose Spanish "Gypsy" was, she declared, the only faithful picture of her people that has ever been given to the world.

ENGLISH WOMEN UNDER FIRE.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Whatever the modern hostess may be, she is not a leader of men, though she may doubtless claim to be an admirable feeder of them. She gives them good dinners, with Heidelberg as a stimulant, instead of wit, and as a rule, she prefers hunting, shooting and fishing to a tour to the prospects of home rule or Church disestablishment. Even the wives of prominent statesmen have failed in this generation to rise to their magnificent opportunity. Many of our front rank politicians have wives not wanting in widely interest for their husbands' mettle, but none of them have made it their own. Their talent for statecraft, if they have any, expends itself in sitting on the platform from which their husbands are mystifying their constituents, or hiding the daily papers when they contain adverse criticism."

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

William Pitt's inflexible niece, Lady Heather Stanhope, in referring to her uncle's repressed affection for Catherine Eden, attributes his determination to eschew matrimonial felicity to his dislike of the association of women in politics. "For my King and country's sake," he said, "I must remain a single man," and shut the door in love's shy face rather than import the wives of feminine diplomacy into his public career. It may be that he could not beat to bring the woman he worshipped into an atmosphere of intrigue, or that he dreaded the conflict between love and duty that would in his case be the inevitable sequence of hymeneal dalliance. In any case, it would seem that he did not disdain the aid of fair Conservatives in countering the enthusiasm provoked by Fox's "convassing duchesses."

TWO BREWER MAIDS.

It is rather an interesting bit of history—that which tells how two granddaughters of a brewery maid came to be Queens of England. The brewery maid was young and strong, presumably comely, but that was immaterial. When her master's wife died she found favor in his eyes and married him, as one might say, out of hand. He was much older than she, and soon died himself. The settlement of his very considerable estate brought his widow in contact with a lawyer who fancied her and her possessions so much he courted and married her. Afterward he rose to the wool-sack and became Lord Chancellor Hyde, whose daughter, Anne, married James, Duke of York, afterward James II. of England, who was deposed in favor of his daughters, Mary and Anne, the children of Anne Hyde. Both died in the purple of royalty; while his sons, by a princess, were, first to last, little better than vagabond adventurers. Thus the English who incline to sneer at the pedigree of the young Duchess of Marlborough can be pointed to a silencing example in their own royal race.

FOR WOMEN STUDENTS.

The Providence Bulletin says: "It is encouraging to learn that the work of raising the necessary funds for the erection of a building for the Woman's College connected with Brown University is now well advanced. There is no question, of course, that this latest addition to the educational facilities of the State is meeting a very real need, and it deserves the fullest support and assistance that the friends of higher education can give. It would be unfortunate if, for lack of the comparatively small sum that must now be obtained before the construction of the proposed building can be begun, the natural and legitimate development of the college should be longer retarded."

The Kansas City World says:

Two young American women who hold the degree of civil engineers have gone to Matabeleland, in South Africa, to practise their profession. They are said to be as pretty as they are smart, and it is not unlikely that Kaffir millionaires will entice them into matrimony.

MISS ACKERMAN, GLOBE CIRCLER



Her sympathies are all with the Boers, notwithstanding gave her a reception and President Kruger told her he had no use for women.

She visited Turkey, and has no respect for the Powers. One of her most interesting visits was to Iceland, where the women take the front seats and interest themselves in the excise laws. Altogether Miss Ackerman is a notable woman. She made all this journey with a valise.

CHARACTER IN THE HANDS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

The lady known as Queen Stella Gonzales, to whom has been intrusted the reading of the hands of women distinguished in the world of art, letters and society for the Journal, comes from a long ancestral line skilled in divination. She is the head of a band of Spanish gypsies, and, fresh from her successes at European courts, comes to this country for the purpose of establishing a college of palmistry. It is scarcely necessary to add that the palmist knows nothing of the identity of her subjects.



MARION HARLAND—MRS. TERHUNE.

This hand shows that the person is governed by the head. She has sound judgment and a strong will. A man may well rely on her management. The hand shows levity of mind and ability of expression.

It indicates passion under restraint; pleasure tempered with reflection. Her excess of affection may come to great suffering. Happiness comes by fits and starts. She has a good memory. Riches and honor are hers. She loves poetry, music and literature.